

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

DECEMBER

No. 43

ANC

G.I. COMBAT

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INVASION, AMBUSH

I-IT'S NO USE, SIR! THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH FIREPOWER!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! HAVE THE MEN FALL BACK--- AND LET'S HOPE WE CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!

THEY CAME OUT OF THE SEA FROM NOWHERE --- A VICIOUS DEADLY FOE DETERMINED TO CONQUER THE ISLAND OF JAPAN! AND THEIR KNIFE-IN-THE-BACK ATTACK APPEARED DESTINED TO SUCCEED UNTIL A GALLANT LITTLE BAND OF BRAVE GI'S DECIDED TO TURN THEM BACK! BUT HOW COULD TWELVE INFANTRYMEN POSSIBLY DEFEAT THE HUNGRY, HELL-BENT HORDE THAT DESCENDED UPON THEM?

G.I. COMBAT

OFF THE COAST OF NORTH WESTERN JAPAN THREE UNIDENTIFIED SUB-MARINES SURFACE UNDER A BLANKET OF DARKNESS ---



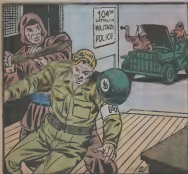
A MOMENT LATER, THEIR SLEEK, SLENDER DECKS ARE ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY! MEN, GARBED IN STRANGE UNIFORMS OF WAR, PREPARE TO DISEMBARK ---



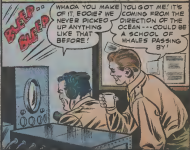
ASHORE, THEY RE-GROUP AND RAN OUT IN SWIFT MOVING COLUMNS! WORLD PEACE ONCE AGAIN DANGLES ON THE THIN THREAD OF TIME! FOR THIS IS THE PRELIMINARY TO INVASION, TOP SECRET!



THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS OF THE UT-MOST IMPORTANCE IN SUCH A SNEAK ATTACK! THUS, COMMANDOS ARE SENT IN ADVANCE TO SEVER COMMUNICATIONS --- PAVE THE PATH TO SUCCESS!

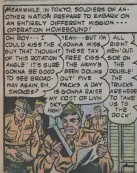
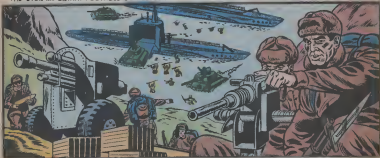


AND HOURS LATER, AT GARY, A PAIR OF G.I.'S ON THE LATE SHIFT LISTEN TO AN UNFAMILIAR SIGNAL AT A U.S. RADAR STATION NEAR THE COAST!





"OUT THERE" WAS A SUBMARINE INVASION FLEET MASSED TO SPRING UPON THE ISOLATED AREA AND GAIN THE EVER IMPORTANT FOOTHOLD SO NECESSARY IN THIS KNIFE-IN-THE-BACK OPERATION!



SHORTLY ON THE PARADE GROUNDS---

I KNOW THIS HAS COME AS A GREAT SURPRISE TO YOU, MEN --- BUT THE SITUATION MANDANTS IT! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED NEW ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS---

HOLD ONTO YOUR CHIN STRAP, BLACKIE --- HERE'S WHERE WE GET IT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

YEAH!

WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO PARTICIPATE IN A SHAM INVASION! THIS UNIT WILL BOARD GLIDERS FOR AN AIRBORNE ASSAULT AT 0600 HOURS! THAT IS ALL! DISMISS YOUR MEN, SERGEANT!

COMPANY DISMISSED!

GULP!

HUH---

SHAM INVASION? THEY'RE KIDDING US--- THEY MUST BE! SOME FIVE STAR GENERAL HAS SNAPPED HIS BUTTONS!

THIS TAKES THE CAKE--- YANION! US OUT! A STATE-SIDE TRIP TO PLAY WAR!

WELL, LIKE IT OR LUMP IT! THOSE ARE ORDERS! NOW CLIMB INTO THE TRUCKS!

AT 0600 HOURS, THE DISCOURAGED MEN OF COMPANY B, 95TH INFANTRY FILED DEJECTEDLY INTO GLIDERS AT THE TOKYO AIRPORT!

REGAN--- YATES---

YO!

HERE!

AIRBORNE OVER JAPAN, COMPANY COMMANDER CAPTAIN ROYCE MILLER ADDRESSES HIS MEN SERILY!

NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN OFF I CAN TELL YOU MEN THE REAL REASON WE'RE HERE! I COULDN'T BEFORE--- HEADQUARTERS DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE AID AND COMFORT TO--- THE ENEMY! THE NEWS-PAPERS KNOW NOTHING OF THIS AND IF WE STOP THIS THING, THE WORLD NEED NEVER KNOW!

ENEMY?

HUH!

---WHAT ENEMY?

WE DON'T KNOW! BUT THERE'S BEEN AN INVASION OF NORTHERN JAPAN! ALL COMMUNICATIONS ARE DOWN! AIR RECON REPORTS A MASS MOVEMENT OF TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT OVER THE ENTIRE NORTHERN SECTION! IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THEM!

A-A SNEAK RUNCH, HU! I GOT ME A GOOD IDEA WHO'S THROWN IT!

MURPH! THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF GAS ABOUT THEM BEIN' TOP-NATCH SOLDIERS! WE'LL PUT 'EM THROUGH A TEST, EH, GUYS?

YOU SAID IT SMOKE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE AIRBORNE INFANTRY ARRIVES AT ITS DESTINATION ---

ZOWIE! THEY CERTAINLY CAME TO STAY!

YEAH, BOYS --- BUT JUST WAIT UNTIL OUR HEAVY STUFF IS MOVED UP! THAT'LL STOP 'EM!

STAND BY, MEN! RELEASE CABLE!



THEN, AS THE GLIDERS MANEUVER UNDER THEIR OWN POWER ---



OH OH --- THEY'RE FLAKIN' US!

T-THE TAIL LINES --- THEY'VE BEEN HIT! I-I CAN'T CONTROL THE SHIP ---

W-WERE COMING IN RIGHT OVER THEIR TROOPS! CAN'T YOU YEEER AWAY?

YOU FORGET --- THIS JOB'S NOTORIOUS, CAPTAIN! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO CATCH AN UP DRAFT!



LIKE A SITTING DUCK THE GLIDER SOARS HELPLESSLY OVER THE ENEMY BELOW! ALL HOPE SEEMS GONE --- WHEN SUDDENLY ---

WE CAUGHT ONE --- AN UP DRAFT! SHE'S TAKEN US BEHIND THEIR LINES!

THAT'S A BREAK --- AT LEAST WE'LL BE OUT OF THEIR SIGHTS -- FOR THE TIME BEING!



AND MOMENTS LATER, AS THE GLIDER COMES TO A GRINDING HALT IN THE BED OF A DRYED OUT STREAM DEEP IN ENEMY HELD TERRITORY ---

SNAP IT UP, MEN! THEY WERE BOUND TO HAVE SPOTTED US LANDING! THEY'LL BE MOVING IN ON US --- FAST!

MOVE --- ON THE DOUBLE!



TANKS! HIT IT!

WHEN! LUCKY THING THOSE IRON TROUBLE MAKERS DIDN'T CATCH US IN THE GLIDER! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CURTAINS ---



I FIGURE IT'S A GOOD TWELVE MILES BACK TO OUR LINES! IF WE MOVE AT NIGHT AND HAVE A LOT OF LUCK WE CAN MAKE IT! BUT, THERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE TO THIS ---

YEAH, CAPTAIN



WE'RE IN A GOOD SPOT... RIGHT BEHIND THE ENEMY'S BACK! WE COULD CAUSE HIM PLENTY OF TROUBLE HERE... SNARLING HIS MOVEMENTS, PLANS! BUT OF COURSE THE ODDS ON LIVING WOULD BE SHORT! IT'S UP TO YOU JOES!

HECK, WHATA WE MATTIN' FOR, SIR? TWELVE OF US ARE A MATCH FOR THEM ANYTIME!

SURE, NELL, CLOBBER 'EM GOOD!

YOU SAID IT!



AT DAWN THE FOLLOWING DAY, EAGER EYES OBSERVE AN ENEMY ARTILLERY UNIT ABOUT TO GO INTO OPERATION...

THEY'RE GOING TO OPEN UP THEIR BARBAGE ANY MINUTE! THEY'LL BE PLENTY BUSY WHEN WE MOVE IN ON THEM! MOVE THE MEN, SERGEANT!

YEE, SIR! AW, RIGHT, YOU JOES... LET'S GO! AND REMEMBER... THIS IS A HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT MISSION! ANY FIRIN' MIGHT BRING A SNARF OF 'EM DOWN ON US!



LISTEN TO THE CHIMES, BUSTER --- AND LOOK FOR THE BIRDIES!

SURPRISE!



YEE-HAW!

THAT'S PINNING THEM DOWN, KID! THANKS!



AFTER THE ENEMY TROOPS HAVE BEEN DISPOSED OF...

WELL, CAPTAIN--
WAS YOUR
HUNCH
RIGHT?

IT SURE WAS! THE ENEMY'S GOT A
FLEET OF SUBS IN THAT HARBOR!
SINK THEM AND WE'LL SNARL UP
THEIR SUPPLY LINES---BUT GOOD!
LET'S HOP TO IT!



THIS SURE IS CRAZY!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D
BE RIN' ONE OF
THESE BIG BOYS!

YEAH...AND AN ENEMY
PIECE AT THAT!



MOMENTS LATER, A RAIN OF HEAVY GUNS POURS DOWN UPON THE ENEMY SUPPLY SUBS ---



AND WHEN THE FORTY MINUTE BARRAGE HAS ENDED ---

WE GOT THEM
ALL, MEN!
GOOD
WORK!

HE BLANKED
'EM, FELLERS!
THEY CAN'T HOLD
OUT LONG
WITHOUT
SUPPLIES!

OH! OH!
WE'RE
GONNA
HAVE
COMPANY!
LOOK!



BREAK FOR THE MOUNTAIN,
MEN! ARTILLERY
IS NO MATCH
FOR FAST
MANEUVERING
TANKS!

THIS IS REAL GRIM!
IT'LL ONLY BE A
MATTER OF TIME
TILL THEY RUN US
DOWN UP
THERE!

WE GOT
NO
CHOICE,
KID!



ON THE TERRACED MOUNTAIN, THE
G.I.'S DO SOME DEEP THINKING---
THINKING THAT MIGHT SAVE
THEIR LIVES!

WE CAN'T KEEP
CLIMBING THESE
TERRACES TO GET
OUTA THEIR REACH,
SIR! THE TOP OF
THE MOUNTAIN'S
RIGHT AT OUR
BACKS!

I KNOW! MM-H
... THEY'RE
CERTAINLY
DOING A
SYSTEMATIC JOB
OF CLEARING
THOSE TERRACES!
ONE TANK MAKES
THE SWEEP---THEN
ANOTHER!



YOU GOT AN
ANGLE, SIR!
I CAN TELL
WHEN A GUY'S
SCHEMING!

RIGHT, BLACKIE! WE
MIGHT TURN A TUGH
BREAK INTO A GOOD
ONE WITH A LITTLE
LUCK! HOW WOULD
YOU MEN LIKE TO
RIDE BACK TO
OUR LINES?



GREAT! YOU
FEELING
ALL RIGHT,
SIR?

NEVER BETTER! NOW
PICK UP YOUR EARS
AND LISTEN TO WHAT
I HAVE IN MIND! IT
MIGHT MEAN YOUR
LIVES!



SHORTLY, AS ONE OF THE ENEMY
TANKS SNAKES ALONG A TERRACE
CLOSE TO THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP...



SUDDENLY...

MAKE SURE OF YOUR
FIRST SHOT! IF THEY
CLOSE THOSE TANK
HATCHES ON US WE'RE
FINISHED!



PANIC-STRIKEN, THE REMAINING TANKMEN FLEE FOR
THEIR LIVES AND...



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE ENEMY TANK TEAM
BRINGS UP THE REAR...

HERE IT COMES...
ALL TWO TONS
OF IT!

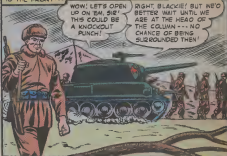
GET READY FOR
THE RECEPTION,
GUYS!

I
CAN
HARDLY
WAIT!





LATER, AS THE TANK PASSES IN THE MIDDLE OF ENEMY TRAFFIC TO THE FRONT---



CAUTIOUSLY, THE G.I.'S SLIP TO THE FRONT OF THE COLUMN WHERE ---



AND SPLIT SECONDS LATER, THE TANK SPITS FIRE TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE ENEMY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT AN AMERICAN COMMAND POST ---

WE NEVER DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF THE INVASION FORCE! THEY WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO BRING THEIR OWN DEAD WITH THEM WHEN THEY WITHDREW! BUT ITS DESTRUCTION WAS LARGELY DUE TO YOUR GALLANT MEN, CAPTAIN! WE'D LIKE TO REWARD THEM SOMEHOW!



AND IN EMBARKATION CENTER THE FOLLOWING DAY ---



G.I. COMBAT

THE MIGHT OF AN ARMY LEADS ON DOWN FROM A GREAT DIVISION TO A SMALL PLATOON, BUT THE STRENGTH OF A FIGHTING FORCE CAN OFTEN BE FOUND IN THE NERVE OF ONE MAN... A MAN LIKE SERGEANT AL SMITTY WHO HURLED HIS HEART, SOUL AND BODY IN TO A TITANIC ATTACK AGAINST THE COMMIES! AND NONE COULD DISPUTE THAT HELL-TORN DAY THAT HE WAS, INDEED, A...

ONE MAN ARMY

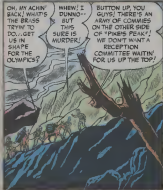


ON THE 8TH OF OCTOBER ELEMENTS OF THE U.S. 6TH DIVISION QUIETLY LED A MULE TRAIN UP A TOWERING KOREAN MOUNTAIN APPROPRIATELY DUBBED "PIKE'S PEAK" BY BATTLE-WEARY G.I.S...

OH, MY ACHIN' BACK! WHAT'S THE BRASS TRYIN' TO DO...GET US IN SHAPE FOR THE OLYMPICS?

WHUE! I DUNNO-- BUT THIS SURE IS MURDER!

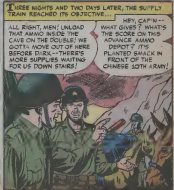
BUTTON UP, YOU GUYS! THERE'S AN ARMY OF COMMIES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF "PIKE'S PEAK"! WE DON'T WANT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITIN' FOR US UP THE TOP!



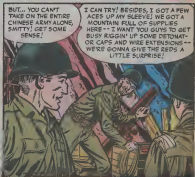
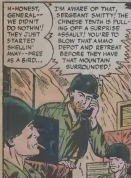
THREE NIGHTS AND TWO DAYS LATER, THE SUPPLY TRAIN REACHED ITS OBJECTIVE...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! UNLOAD THAT AMMO INSIDE THE CAVE ON THE DOUBLE! WE GOTTA MOVE OUT OF HERE BEFORE DARK--THERE'S MORE SUPPLIES WAITING FOR US DOWN STAIRS!

HEY, CAPTAIN-- WHAT GIVES? WHAT'S THE SCORE ON THIS ADVANCE AMMO DEPOSIT? IT'S PLANTED SHACK IN FRONT OF THE CHINESE 10TH ARMY!







AN HOUR AFTERWARD, THE PLUCKY SERGEANT FINISHES HIS FLAMANT WORK...

SWIFTY, YOU SURE GOT THINGS RIGGED UP GREAT... BUT WHAT IF SOME-THING KISSES? WHAT IF THE REDS DO GET THROUGH TO THE AMMO?

YEAH, COLLINS! WE CAN'T LET 'EM GET THESE AMMO SUPPLIES, THAT'S FOR SURE! ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



IF THEY CLOSE IN--BUST BY MY TRAPS, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BLOW THE WHOLE SHOW UP IN THEIR FACES! ONE OF US CAN SLAM THIS DYNAMITE DETONATOR PLUNGER DOWN AT THE LAST SECOND!

THAT'S THE ANSWER! AT LEAST WE WON'T BE CAPTURED ALIVE! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A FACE FULL OF MOUNTAIN ALONG WITH OUR NECKS!



SOMETHIN' MOVING DOWN THERE! LOOKS LIKE A RED SCOUTING FORCE...NOT QUITE LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE WELL YET!

COLLINS! GIVE ME A FLARE ON THE SOUTH EAST SLOPE OF THE HILL! FAST!

GOTCHA, SWIFTY!

LATER, AS DAWN IS BREAKING, SERGEANT SWIFTY BEGINS HIS VITAL ONE MAN PATROL... SUDDENLY...



ABRUPTLY, A FLARE STREAKS SKYWARD AND BURSTS ABOVE THE SLOPE...

YIPE! A WHOLE NEST OF THE RODENTS!



GOTTA DISH OUT MORE FIRE POWER!

NAILED 'EM GOOD! SWIFTY! A PLATOON OF REDS ARE CREEPING UP THE NORTH SIDE!

OH, OH!

SURE HOPE MY MASTER TRIGGER WIRE ON THE MACHINE GUNS WORKS OKAY!



A RED LEAD ZINGS UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE SWIFTY
DIVES HEAD LONG...

GIVE IT TO THEM,
SWIFTY BOY!

DON'T LET ME DOWN, BABIES!
DON'T LET ME DOWN!



THEN...

COME AND GET IT,
YA COMMIES!

YIIIIII! AMERICAN HAVE
SECRET DEFENSE!



BUT AS SWIFTY'S GUNS CHATTER
OUT THEIR DEATH MESSAGE...

WINTERS! THE REDS ARE MOVING UP
A COUPLE OF TANKS TOWARD THE
WEST SLOPE!
TELL SWIFTY
FAST!

GREAT CATS! HOW'S
THAT POOR GUY
GONNA BEAT THIS
ONE... SWIFTY!
SWIFTY!



THE WEARY SERGEANT MUSTERS HIS
RESERVE STRENGTH AS HE HEARS THE
NEWS...

TWO TANKS
CROSSING THE BRIDGE,
SWIFTY! ABOUT THIRTY
REDS COMING IN
BEHIND THEM!

GOT IT!
HANG ON...
GONNA TRY AND
SCUTTLE THE ATTACK!



ONCE AGAIN, SWIFTY DASHES ACROSS
THE BATTLE-TORN MOUNTAIN SIDE...

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS I'D
SAY... GOTTA ZERO IN THE RANGE
OF THAT BRIDGE GOOD...



C-CLOSE... BUT NO CIGAR! GOT TO HIT 'EM
BEFORE THEY CROSS THE BRIDGE OR
WE'RE SUNK!



BACK
AND
FORTH
THE
SERGEANT
STREAKS
FROM
MORTAR
TO
MORTAR...

FINALLY, ONE MORTAR SHELL FINDS ITS MARK AND...

ONE OF 'EM! I ONLY GOT ONE OF 'EM...
THAT OTHER BABY WILL CUT US TO
RIBBONS...



MINUTES AFTERWARD, THE EXHAUSTED SERGEANT WAGES A HOPELESS LAST DITCH STAND...

—IT'S NO GOOD!
NO GOOD! THESE GRENADES ARE LIKE
FIRECRACKERS AGAINST THAT JOB!
WE'RE LICKED!



WE GAVE IT
THE BEST, GANG!
GOTTA PLAY
THE LAST
CARD NOW...
C'MON...
INSIDE!



YOU'RE OKAY,
SHITTY! NO-
BODY COULDA
DONE ANY MORE!
THE FILTHY
BLUWS... IF ONLY
MY LEG WASN'T
CONKED OUT!

W-WHAT'S
THE
SOUND?
THEY
SHOOTING
ROCKETS
AT US?

NAR, WINTERS!
THE BLUWS
MUST BE
SENDING JETS
IN TO GUN US
OUT! HA! AT
LEAST WE
MADE 'EM KNOW
THEY WAS IN A
WAR!

ONLY GOT
A COUPLE
OF
MINUTES...
ANYONE...
WANT TO
SAY
ANYTHING
FIRST?



WHAT'S TO
SAY? THE
SHOW'S
OVER--
THAT'S ALL!

YEAH!
IT'S ALL
OVER...
NOW...

NO SENSE GETTING
SLOPPY, I GUESS... BUT,
WELL, I SURE THINK YOU
GUYS ARE ONE GREAT
TEAM! JUST WANTED TO
SAY IT!



HERE GOES, GANG...
WHA...?

A ROCKET! THE LICE MUST
FIGURE TO BLOW THE AMMO
CACHE THEMSELVES!



BUT, SUDDENLY, AS SHITTY PEERS OUT...

SUFFERING CATS! THAT'S OUR ROCKET! I-IT'S
GOT THE TANK! A-AND O.I. PARATROOPERS ARE
LANDING! WOWIE! WE'RE
INGANG! WE'RE IN!

YAHOO!



AFTER-
WARD,
THE GRIM
FACES
OF WAR
RELAX!
DEATH
HAS
RETIRED...
FOR
A
LITTLE
WHILE...

SO YOU'RE
THE ONE MAN
ARMY, SHITTY?
THAT WAS
SOME SHOW
YOU PUT ON!

YOU KIDDING! IT TOOK THE WHOLE
GANG OF US TO DO THIS JOB! AND
BROTHER, YOU CAN BELIEVE ME
I'M GONNA KEEP THIS LITTLE
DETONATOR WIRE FOR A GOOD
LUCK CHARM! ANOTHER TEN
SECONDS AND WE'D HAVE BEEN
JET PROPELLED OURSELVES!
WHY!



A MEDAL FOR A COWARD



IN THE TOWN OF MEDFORD A GROUP OF INDUCTEES PAUSE AS THEY PREPARE TO ENTRAIN TO CAMP! BEFORE THEM STANDS A VERY FAMOUS MAN...

HEY, FELLERS...LOOK! THERE'S THE FAMOUS RIP HALE! HE SURE POWDERED THE GERMANS IN THE LAST WAR!

I'LL SAY...HE KNOCKED OUT 57 JERRY TANKS WITH HIS BAZOOKA! GOSH...THAT MUST BE HIS YOUNGER BROTHER WITH HIM! I READ SOMETHING ABOUT HIM ENLISTING!

SO LONG, KID! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND BE A GOOD SOLDIER! REMEMBER...I'M COUNTING ON YOU!

DON'T WORRY, RIP...I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME! I'LL GIVE THE COMRADES "HALE'S HELL"....JUST LIKE YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE IN THE ARMY!

THUS, JOHNNY HAILE LEFT FOR CAMP HOOD... AND DEEP INSIDE HIM WAS A GROWING FEAR... BEING A BROTHER OF A NATIONAL HERO WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY...

GOSH... I JUST GOTTA LIVE UP TO RIP'S REPUTATION! 57 TANKS... I-I WONDER IF I CAN BAG THAT MANY... GOTTA TRY FOR RIP'S SAKE!



THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE TRAINING CENTER...

EVANS... FULLER... GIVENS... HAILE...

HAILE! ONE MOMENT! YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE THE KID BROTHER OF RIP HAILE, DO YOU, SOLDIER?

YES, SIR!



GREAT GUNS! IT'S A SMALL WORLD... I WAS YOUR BROTHER'S COMMANDING OFFICER IN ITALY! DID HE EVER MENTION DEWITT... CAPTAIN EDDIE DEWITT TO YOU, SON?

GEE... HE SURE DID, SIR! YOU WERE WITH HIM WHEN HE GOT HIS 57TH TANK, WEREN'T YOU?

I'LL SAY I WAS! YOUR BROTHER WAS THE GREAT-EST BAZOOKA MAN ALIVE... YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO MATCH HIS RECORD! ARE YOU GAME?

YOU BET! RIP GAVE ME SOME GOOD POINTERS ON FIRING, SIR! I'M SURE I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU!



ON THE FIRING RANGE THREE WEEKS LATER JOHNNY HAILE NERVOUSLY GRIPPED THE WEAPON THAT MADE HIS BROTHER FAMOUS... THE BAZOOKA!

JOHNNY! GET A STEADY BEAD ON THE LEAD TARGET AND DON'T FIRE UNTIL IT'S RIGHT ON TOP OF YOU! PRIMATE BURNS, BE PREPARED TO LOAD THAT WEAPON THE MINUTE IT'S FIRED!

STEADY, MAJOR!



GOT TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING RIP TOLD ME... KEEP SIGHT ON TARGET... AIM FOR TREADS... STEADY SHOULDER...



LOOK AT THAT, WILSON... A PERFECT SHOT! THAT KID'S GOING TO GIVE HIS BROTHER SOME COMPETITION... WAIT AND SEE!

RELOAD!



CAMP OFFICERS LOOKED ON IN STUNNED SILENCE AS YOUNG JOHNNY HALE BLASTED AWAY AT TARGET AFTER TARGET....

"IT'S UNBELIEVABLE... THOSE STRIKES COULDN'T BE BETTER!"

"YES... WITH AN EYE LIKE THAT YOUNG JOHNNY WILL BE DISHING OUT PLENTY OF 'HALE'S FIRE!"



SOON THE 137TH INFANTRY REGIMENT SHIPPED OUT TO KOREA! THE MEN WERE HIGH IN SPIRIT....

LOOK OUT, COMMIES! HERE WE COME WITH SOME OF 'HALE'S FIRE!"

EVEN MONEY SAYS YOU BAG A TANK A DAY, JOHNNY!

THANKS, JERRY... I'M SURE GONNA TRY!



A MONTH LATER JOHNNY HALE AND HIS BUDDIES WERE PREPARING FOR A FRONTAL ASSAULT AGAINST THE DEADLY COMMIE POS AT MONSAN!

THE REDS ARE DUG IN A HALF MILE NORTH OF HERE! OUR ORDERS ARE TO ATTACK AND ROUTE THEM OUT OF THEIR HOLES! THE BAZOOKA TEAM IS TO CONCENTRATE FIRE ON ENEMY BUNKERS! THAT IS ALL!



JOHNNY HALE MOVED UP WITH HIS PLATOON... A SINGLE THOUGHT BURNING IN HIS MIND....

"THIS IS IT... I GOTTA BE GOOD! EVERYONE'S COUNTIN' ON ME... CAN'T LET THEM DOWN!"



AT 1430 HOURS CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY WAS MADE....

TAKE COVER!

ZZZING!
BLAM!



HALE! CIRCLE AROUND AND TRY TO MOVE IN ON THAT BUNKER! WE'LL COVER YOU!

YES, SIR!



I GOT TO GET IN REAL CLOSE... ABOUT FIFTY YARDS! DROPPING A SHELL IN THAT BUNKER ISN'T GONNA BE EASY!



CAUTIOUSLY, PRIVATE HAILE MADE HIS WAY TO WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF THE ENEMY FILLED BUNKER....

RIP ALWAYS TOLD ME TO INCH UP SLOWLY.... ANY SUDDEN MOVES MIGHT ATTRACT ATTENTION....

GOT 'EM DEAD IN MY SIGHTS! G-GOSH.... MY FIRST REAL TARGET.... CAN'T MISS....

T-THAT NOISE --- SOUNDS LIKE---

CLACK
CLACK
CLACK

---A TANK!

HAILE! KNOCK THAT THING OUT---FAST!

CLACK
CLACK
CLACK

YOUNG JOHNNY HAILE SPUN ABOUT AND LEVELED HIS DEADLY BAZOOKA IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TANK! BUT THEN....

I-I CAN'T PULL THE TRIGGER! IT'S COMIN' DEAD AT ME AND I CAN'T FIRE!

SHOOT, HAILE! SHOOT!

THE ENEMY TANK THUNDERED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE SPEWING DEATH! AND JOHNNY HAILE...HERO'S BROTHER...PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT...FROZE AT HIS WEAPON! FINALLY...

THE KID'S FROZEN... THAT TANK WILL RUN HIM DOWN UNLESS...

BARRROOOOOOM!

AND SOON AFTER....

I-I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I JUST COULDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER! HONEST!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, JOHNNY! REMEMBER... THIS IS YOUR BAPTISM OF FIRE! LOTS OF GUYS FREEZE UP... YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CRACK AT THEM TOMORROW!

TWENTY
FOUR
HOURS
LATER,
THE
137TH
INFANTRY
REGIMENT
MOVED
DEEPER
INTO
ENEMY
TERRITORY!
THE
AIR
WAS
TENSE
WITH
SUDDEN
DEATH!

BAPTISM OF FIRE! YEAH!
THAT MUSTA BEEN IT!
BUT IT WAS SURE A
FUNNY FEELING!
JUST LIKE I WAS
FROZEN STIFF!



WE'LL HIT OVER THE HILLS AND COMB THE
DISTRICT! AIR PHOTOS SHOW THERE WERE A
COUPLE OF TANKS IN THE VICINITY
YESTERDAY! THEY COULD BE DEADLY
TO THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS
DIGGING IN BEHIND US!

RIGHT,
MAJOR!



SUDDENLY, THE MOUNTAIN BRUSH PARTED! ENEMY ARMOR
BURST FORTH...

ENEMY TANKS!
A TRAP! TAKE
COVER!

JERRY! BEHIND THAT
ROCK! GOTTA CHOP
THAT THUNDER
WAGON DOWN!



THEY GUNNED OUT
THE OTHER TEAMS!
RAM THE SHELL
HOME, JERRY!
IT'S... UP TO
US!

RED HOT
COMIN'!
UP!



GIVE 'EM HAIL'S
FIRE, JOHNNY!



BUT AS JOHNNY'S FINGER HELD THE
DEATH TRIGGER IT SUDDENLY
TREMBLED...

I-I CAN'T SQUEEZE
THE TRIGGER! I'M...
FROZEN UP AGAIN!

FIRE IT,
JOHNNY!
FIRE IT!



AND THE TANKS RUMBLED PAST...
FREE TO CONVERGE UPON THE TROOP'S
DIGGING IN BEHIND THE HILLS...

W-WHAT'S WRONG WITH
ME? WHAT'S WRONG?



MINUTES AFTERWARD, SCREAMING HAVOC TORE AT THE TROOPS....



UNLESS ARTILLERY MARKSMEN PINPOINTED THEIR TARGETS AND....

W-WE
GOT 'EM...
FINALLY!

YEAH! BUT WE'RE MISSED UP
PLENTY! HOW DID THEY GET
THROUGH? WHAT HAPPENED TO
OUR BAZOOKA DEFENSE?



BACK IN THE HILLS JOHNNY HAILE WAS MUTE TESTIMONY
OF THE SHAME-FACED ANSWER....

S-SORRY,
MAJOR!
I---I---

DON'T SAY IT, SOLDIER!
YOU'RE GOING BACK BEHIND
THE LINES, JOHNNY! IT'S SAFER
FOR YOU... AND IT'S SAFER
FOR US!



SO IT WAS THAT JOHNNY, BROTHER
OF HERO RIP HAILE, SAW "ACTION"
BEHIND THE LINES....

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE
IT, BUT KNOW WHO
THAT IS? JOHNNY
HAILE, RIP HAILE'S
BROTHER! THEY
TOSSED HIM OFF
THE LINE!

NO
KIDDING!
BOY,
GUESS
THERE'S
ONLY ONE
HERO TO A
FAMILY!



BUT FATE HAD A TRUMP CARD TO PLAY
THAT DAY! FOR AS JOHNNY SAT BROOD-
ING....

I'VE GOT NO COURAGE!
I'M A COWARD... HOW'L I EVER
EXPLAIN TO RIP... HUH?



ABRUPTLY, ENEMY SHELLS RAINED
DOWN UPON THE SUPPLY DEPOT....

THE COMMIES! THEY
BUSTED THROUGH THE
LINES! SNEAK ATTACK!
MUST BE A DOZEN
TANKS! GET WITH IT...
WE GOTTA DO
SOMETHING!

T-TANKS!
WHAT'LL
I DO...?



G.I. COMBAT



BUT THE GRIM REAPER WAS CHEATED! AND A STRANGE, NEW JOHNNY HAILE ROSE FROM THE DUST OF BATTLE....

THEY'RE COMIN'! I GOTTA GET A WEAPON! WEAPON! I GOTTA GET ME A BAZOOKA!



THEN A WILD-EYED, SCREAMING G.I. WAS IN THE MIDST OF THE COMRADE TANKS....

SUFFERING CATS! LOOKIT JOHNNY HAILE! HE'S...GONE CRAZY!



LOADING AND RELOADING, JOHNNY'S BAZOOKA SPAT FLAMING FIRE INTO THE RED TANK ATTACK....



TWO, THREE, FIVE JUGGERNAUTS OF ENEMY AGGRESSION WERE BLASTED....

HULLY GEE! JOHNNY... HE'S BUSTED THE WHOLE ATTACK UP SINGLE HANDED!

MAD! THAT BOY IS STEAMING MAD!



AND AFTERWARD, A HERO'S ACCLAIM WAS AWARDED A DAZED, CONFUSED FIGHTER....

GREAT HANNAH, JOHNNY! WHAT HIT 'A? I NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! AND... YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO FREEZE IN COMBAT!

WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I KNOW JUST WHAT DID HAPPEN TO JOHNNY HAILE!

GOSH! I'M KINDA DAZED LIKE! SOMETHING HAPPENED... I SORTA WENT BLANK FOR A WHILE...



DON'T YOU GET IT, JOHNNY? THAT SHELL! IT KNOCKED THE MEMORY OUT OF YOUR HEAD... THE MEMORY OF YOUR HERO BROTHER! JOHNNY, THAT'S WHY YOU FROZE! YOU HAD A MENTAL BLOCK OF HIM IN YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS! BUT WHEN IT WAS GONE... WHAM!

YEAH...YEAH, MAJOR! THAT MUSTA BEEN IT! GOSH...JUST WAIT TIL RIP HEARS ABOUT THIS SHINDIG!





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TRAP for TRAPPERS

"WHERE am I? Where am I? Where am I?" The words seemed to be floating in dizzy circles through Phil Ashley's dazed mind. He felt as if he were fighting his way through a dense fog, trying to find his way back to consciousness but afraid of where it might lead him.

"Hello," came a cheerful voice. "Feeling better now?" He opened his eyes then and saw the face of a smiling nurse. Sure, the hospital. Why had he forgotten? He had been brought to this hospital and his brother Pete had come there to see him and Phil had told Pete about—about his weird experience in the city under the sea.

"Has my brother been back?" Phil asked the nurse.

"Not since yesterday," she said. "But he'll probably come this afternoon during visiting hours. You rest now. You've had a shock, that's all."

It had been a shock, all right. That and a struggle for his life. Phil closed his eyes and tried to put the sequence of events in their place. He and Pete had gone out with the crew as usual to look for a sunken ship. Phil was the diver that day, walking on the ocean floor. And suddenly he had seen it—that strange city encased in glass. It had resembled a huge aquarium with odd looking little people walking around inside. As he stood staring, he had been grabbed from behind and his air hose cut. Then he had been whisked into the glass enclosure as if by the force of a vacuum and that had been the beginning of his strange adventure.

"I still can't believe it," he thought. "It's too fantastic that people actually live at the bottom of the sea. But I know it's true because I was there."

Phil had told Pete about it the day before. Pete had been skeptical but curious. "We'll go back and see for ourselves," he had said. "If what you say is true, this'll be the biggest story that ever hit the headlines."

Phil hoped that none of the crew would get caught the way he had. He could still remember those little men who had captured him. They had been outside the glass city, wearing peculiar head gears that resembled iron masks with oxygen tanks attached. Once inside, the masks had been removed. Lucky for him. Otherwise, how could he have escaped?

Next, he had been taken before the High Magistrate and Phil shuddered as he remembered the man's words. "You must die," he had said, "because you will not survive in our subterranean world. And if we let you go back, you'll give away

our secret. We live here in peace, away from the bickerings of the land people. And we are far superior."

"They are, at that," Phil admitted to himself. The encased city was air conditioned. Their gates were, he learned, also managed by an air process that created a vacuum so that the water wouldn't pour in when they were opened. The people lived on seafoods and seaweeds and were well fed.

Phil had been awaiting his execution when he caught the guard napping. A fight had followed in which the strength of the land man had proved too much for the smaller ocean people. He saw the panel of buttons that opened the doors and he pushed one that worked. He grabbed one of the masks with the oxygen tanks attached. Then he had swam and walked and swam again until he hit shore. He remembered stumbling as he came onto the land. Then he blacked out.

The next thing he remembered was being in a hospital with Pete standing beside him. He had managed to tell Pete the whole story before the nurse came to give him another needle and put him back to sleep. He remembered Pete's last words, "Take it easy, kid. I'll try to find out what happened. We're going back to the same spot today. We'll look for that place you're talking about."

By the time the afternoon visiting hours rolled around, Phil was feeling better and almost back to normal. And Pete came to see him, as he had hoped. "Did you go out to the same place?" he asked immediately. "Did you see it?"

"Yeah, we went back," answered Pete. "One of the boys went down but there wasn't anything there. Not even vegetation. Just a big, bare spot at the bottom of the sea."

"They've moved," cried Phil. "They knew they'd be discovered now so they've moved."

"Relax, kid," said Pete soothingly. "Your air line broke and you had a bad time getting to shore. You dreamed all this, boy. But you'll be okay now."

"So I dreamed it," thought Phil. "Sure, that must be it. Such a thing couldn't be true."

But a few days later, when he was released from the hospital, an attendant brought Phil his clothes. "Not much good now," the man said, "after being soaked with salt water. But your diving helmet's okay."

Phil stared at the helmet. It was like an iron mask with two oxygen tanks attached. Now who could say that he had been dreaming?

Operation Showdown

SOME MEN FIT IN NO MATTER WHERE THEY GO! OTHERS NEED THE RIGHT SPOT AND RIGHT MOMENT TO REVEAL THEIR TALENTS! IT TOOK THE BRINK OF DISASTER TO BRING OUT THE BEST IN HANK KENDALL, A SOLDIER WHO COULD TAKE NOTHING SERIOUSLY...NOT EVEN HIS OWN ANNIHILATION!

T- THE REDS ARE ALL AROUND US, KENDALL! WE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH!

I SAY WE CAN! HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR SEAT, LIEUTENANT! YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!



ON A U.S. TROOP SHIP BOUND FOR FORMOSA...

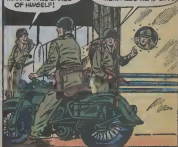
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

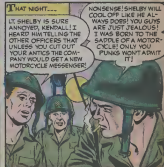
IT'S THAT FOOL, KENDALL! HE'S RIDING A MOTORCYCLE AROUND THE DECK! HE GOT IT UP OUT OF THE HOLD!



KENDALL IS ALWAYS SHOW-BOATING! ALWAYS MAKING A NUISANCE OF HIMSELF!

WAIT! LT SHELBY'S COMING OUT ON DECK! HE'LL CHW KENDALL'S HEAD OFF!





BUT KENDALL DESERVES ATTENTION! HIS SKILL IS RARE! AND HE HAS A DECIDED SENSE OF HUMOR! PERHAPS YOU'DO KENDALL AN INJUSTICE, LEUTENANT!

YOU DON'T KNOW KENDALL AS WELL AS I DO, COLONEL! KENDALL'S A NUISANCE! WE'D BE WELL RID OF HIM!



A WEEK LATER, AS THE BATTALION LEFT FORMOSA ON A NEW ASSIGNMENT....

HEY, LEUTENANT! WHICH ONE OF THE PES-CAORES ISLANDS ARE WE OCCUPYING?

KORSHU! AND WE'RE NOT OCCUPYING IT! WE'RE JUST STAYING LONG ENOUGH TO BUILD AN AIR STRIP! BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF, KENDALL! YOU'LL BE NO HELP! GET OFF THAT CYCLE AND QUIT CLOWNING!



LATER, AS THE VESSEL PROCEEDED SOUTHEAST....

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND! WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH THIS JOB, I'M UNLOADING KENDALL! I DON'T NEED A CIRCUS ENTERTAINER FOR A DISPATCH MESSENGER!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ON KORSHU ISLAND, AS TWO PLATOONS FROM COMPANY K PUSHED INTO THE INTERIOR....

OUR JOB IS TO FIND A SITE TO BUILD DEFENSE INSTALLATIONS! THE REST OF THE BATTALION WILL FOLLOW BEHIND US! ALL RIGHT, MEN! FORWARD!



A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE DESERTED INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND....

L-LOOK, MAJOR! THE ISLAND IS INVADED BY AMERICANS! THEY WILL DISCOVER THAT WE MADE AN ILLEGAL AIRBORNE LANDING HERE!

THAT'LL BE THE YANK-IE'S MIS-FORTUNE!



WE NEED TO OCCUPY KORSHU SECRETLY! OUR DIVE BOMBERS NEED KORSHU AS A BASE TO ATTACK CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S SHIPPING! ALERT OUR ENTIRE FORCE! WE'LL PREPARE A TRAP FROM WHICH NOT ONE OF THEM WILL ESCAPE!

YES, MAJOR!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER....

LT. SHELBY! CALL ME CRAZY, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED EVERY INCH OF THE WAY!

DON'T BE SILLY, KENDALL! THIS ISLAND HAS NO INHABITANTS IN ITS INTERIOR! WE'RE THE FIRST AND ONLY ONES HERE!







MOMENTS LATER, AS KENDALL RECKLESSLY CHARGES AT THE ATTACKING HORDE...

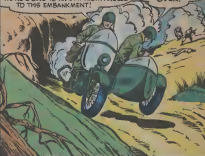
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF THIS? THERE'RE ONLY MORE REDS AHEAD!

I SEE 'EM! HOLD ON TO YOUR HELMET!



WE'RE GOING TO EXECUTE AN END RUN! WE'RE GOING TO RIDE AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THIS EMBANKMENT!

N-NO! WE'LL TURN OVER!



BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPING KENDALL! KENDALL KEPT THE MOTORCYCLE MOVING ON DARING AND COURAGE ALONE... TURNING HIS BOUNCING, HURLING VEHICLE INTO A BULLDOZER, A RACING CAR, AN AIR-PLANE... WHATEVER HE NEEDED!

Y-YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS UP! YOU CAN'T!

WHO CAN'T? WATCH! WE'RE GOING CROSS-COUNTRY!



T-THE REDS ARE ALL AROUND US, KENDALL! WE CAN'T BREAK THROUGH!

I SAY WE CAN! HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR SEAT, LIEUTENANT! YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET! I'LL DODGE THEIR SHELLS BY ZIG-ZAGGING!



ONCE AGAIN KENDALL WAS AS GOOD AS HIS BOAST! HE MANEUVERED CRAZILY! LEAPING OVER ROCKS, PLOWING THROUGH MUD, HIS TRIP WAS A MIRACLE OF SKILL!

WHY HEAVENS! WE'RE MAKING IT! THESE ARE THE LAST REDS IN OUR WAY!

I TOLD YOU SO! REDS ARE NO OBSTACLE TO A GUY WHO RISKED HIS NECK EVERY NIGHT UNDER THE BIG TENT! NEXT STOP... BATTALION HEADQUARTERS!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AS KENDALL FOUND HEADQUARTERS...

WE'LL GO TO YOUR PLATOONS' RELIEF AT ONCE, SHELBY! BUT HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THROUGH?

DON'T ASK ME! ASK KENDALL! WE'D ALL HAVE BEEN GIVERS IF NOT FOR HIM!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE REDS WERE ROUTED AND CAPTURED...

FORGIVE ME, KENDALL, FOR EVER THINKING YOU WERE A BRAG-GART! YOUR PROFESSIONAL SKILL SAVED THE DAY!

THANKS, LIEUTENANT! BUT I KNEW I HAD IT ALL THE TIME!

HA! HA! SAME OLD KENDALL! BOASTING AGAIN. BLESS HIM!



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